

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY.

Darkness and Dawn

By George Allan England
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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

After a lapse of hundreds of years, Allan Stern, a consulting engineer, and his stenographer, Beatrice Kendrick, awake from an unprecedented sleep in the town of the Metropolitan Building. Everything beneath them has gone to ruin and decay. The old city of New York is now a forest of trees and brush, the only two alive in the world. They procure skins to cover their nakedness and food from the forest. The ruins of the old city are a vast field of ruins. Stern finds a spearhead that indicates the existence of primitive human life.

CHAPTER X.
Terror.

N ON found them far advanced in the preliminaries of their hard adventuring.

Working together in a strong and frank companionship—the past temporarily forgotten and the future still put far away—half a day's labor advanced them a long distance on the road to safety.

Even these few hours sufficed to prove that unless some strange, untoward accident befell, they stood a more than equal chance of winning out.

Reaching, to begin with, that a home on the forty-eighth story of the tower was entirely impractical, since it would mean that most of their time would have to be spent in laborious climbing, they quickly changed their plans.

They chose a suite of offices on the fifth floor, looking directly out over the city, and, after a short search, they found a small, but comfortable, place very decently furnished.

"Well, that's a good beginning, anyhow," remarked the engineer, standing back and looking critically at the finished work.

"I don't see why we shouldn't make a fairly comfortable home out of this for a while. It's high enough for safety—to keep prowling bears and wolves and—and other things from exploring us in the night."

He laughed, but memories of the spearhead tipped his merriment with apprehension. "In a day or two I'll make some kind of an outer door, or barricade. But first I need that axe and some other things. Can you spare me for a while, now?"

"I'd rather go along, too," she answered wistfully, from the window-sill where she sat, looking out over the city.

"No, not this time, please," he entreated. "First I've got to go way to the top of the tower and bring down my chemicals and all the other things up there."

"Then I'm going out on a hunt for dishes, a lamp, some oil and no end of things. You save your strength for a while; stay here and keep house and be a good girl."

"All right," she assented, smiling a little sadly. "But really, I feel quite able to go."

"This afternoon, perhaps; not now. Good-by," and he started for the door. Then a thought struck him. He turned and came back.

"By the way," he said. "If we can fix up some kind of holster, I'll take one of those revolvers. With the scissor and the best of this leather here, nothing at the Glendon bag, should imagine we could manufacture something serviceable."

They planned the holster together, and he cut it out with his knife, while she sat leather things to wash it with. Presently it was done, and a strap to tie it round his waist was made of the same thing, but just as useful as though finished with the utmost skill.

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Inasmuch as he left her enough work at home to do, making some real clothing and some sandals for them both. This task, now that the girl had accustoms to use, was not so hard.

Stern brought her great armful of the things of the shop and the arcade, and left her busily and happily employed.

He spent the afternoon in scouting through the neighborhood from Sixth avenue to as far east as Third, and from Twenty-seventh street down through Union Square.

Revolving in his left hand, knife in his right to cut away troublesome brush or brambles, or to slit impeding vines, he progressed slowly and observantly.

He kept his eyes open for big game, but—though he found some tracks and some signs of the presence of animals—he ran into nothing more formidable than a lynx, which snarled at him from a tree overhanging the ruins of the Farragut monument.

One shot sent it bounding and scattering with a wailing cry. Stern noted with satisfaction that blood followed its trail.

"Guess I haven't forgotten how to shoot in all these years," he commented, stooping to examine the blood.

"That may come in handy later!" Then, still wary and watchful, he continued his exploration.

He found that the city, as such, had been entirely destroyed. The ruins of the old city were a vast field of ruins.

"Nothing but lines and monstrous rubbish heaps of ruin," he said, as he stepped out of the ruins of the old city.

Every wooden building completely wrecked, the stone ones practically gone. Steel alone standing, and that in rotten shape. Nothing at all intact but the few concrete structures.

"Hal! hal!" And he laughed satirically. "If the builders of 1911 could have seen this, they would have been thrown quite such a chest, eh?" And he talked of engineering.

A good deal of work, he felt a certain pride in nothing that the Osterhau building, on Seventeenth street, had lasted rather better than the average.

"My work!" said he, nodding with grim satisfaction, then passed on to the ruins of the old city.

Eighteenth street, climbing with difficulty down the choked stairway, through bushes and over masses of ruin that had fallen from the roof. The great tube he saw was choked with litter.

Slimy and damp it was, with a mephitic smell and ugly pools of water that he stepped in. The ruins of the old city were a vast field of ruins.

They were wholly gone in places. In other only rotten fragments of steel remained.

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was beginning to be visible back to the shelter of the Metropolitan.

"What a great surprise for the girl!" thought he, laboriously toiling up the stairs with his burden. "What will she say, I wonder, when she sees all these housekeeping treasures?" Eagerly he hastened.

But before he had reached the third story he heard a cry from above. Then a spatter of revolver shots punctured the air.

He stopped, listened in alarm. "Beatrice! Oh, Beatrice!" he called, his voice falling flat and stifled in those ruinous passages.

Another shot. "Answer!" he called. "What's the matter now?"

Hastily he put down his burden, and, spurred by a great terror, bounded up the broken stairs.

Into their little shelter, their home, he ran, calling her name.

The reply came. Stern stopped short, his face a livid gray.

"Merciful heaven!" stammered he. "The girl was gone!"

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

HELD FOR RECEIVING
STOLEN DIAMONDS

William Cafritz Charged With Purchasing Gems From Colored Woman.

William Cafritz, twenty-four years old, of 137 O street northwest, was arrested today by Policeman E. O. Duval, of the Second precinct, on a charge of receiving stolen property.

Cafritz was taken in custody following the arrest of Rosa Simms, colored, on a charge of stealing two diamond rings from places where she was employed. One, valued at \$90, was taken from the home of Henry P. Broadbent, 148 Q street northwest. For the larger stone, the police say, he sold them to Cafritz, who paid \$6, and gave her \$1 for the smaller one. The police say Cafritz turned both stones over to them.

The police say the woman admitted taking the rings, and said she sold the loose stones after removing them from the settings in the diamond rings. She was wholly gone in places. In other only rotten fragments of steel remained.

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LOST AND FOUND
LOST—White gentleman who picked up \$5 on Georgetown car at 15th and New York ave. Wednesday evening, 8:30 p. m., please leave to 1347 W. st. N. W. and receive reward. BOX 581, Times office.

LOST—Silver hand walking stick, dropped from Takoma Park car, found by boy. Return to 1113 13th st. N. W. Reward \$10.

LOST—Watch for Wednesday night between 12th and 22d st. on ave. Reward \$10 if returned to E. W. Smith, 1146 K st. N. W.

LOST—Gold medal, music inscribed. Reward for return to J. STEINER, 108 6th st. N. W.

LOST—Gray overcoat from carriage. Reward if returned to 1113 D st. N. W.

LOST—Wednesday night, gold faced watch, crystal crystal. Reward if returned to T. A. 1415 Hopkins st. N. W.

LOST—One gold cut button; initials J. F.; size, shape of nickel, Tuesday morning in northern section. Reward, WM. J. RYAN, Washington Times.

LOST—Saturday afternoon, between Kanna and the store, a purse containing about \$1.50. If returned, please return to 856, Times office.

LOST—On Tuesday, small purse containing bills, in or near Anacostia, \$10 reward if returned to 1347 W. st. N. W. Answer to T. A. 1415 Hopkins st. N. W.

FOUND—1 photo, 2 lapel pins, 1 hat, 1 chain, 1 cigar case, 4 coats, 6 packages, 1 card case, 1 shopping bag, 1 pair rubbers, 1 suitcase, 1 handkerchief, 1 pocketbook, 1 wallet, 1 ring, 1 ring, WASHINGTON TERMINAL CO.